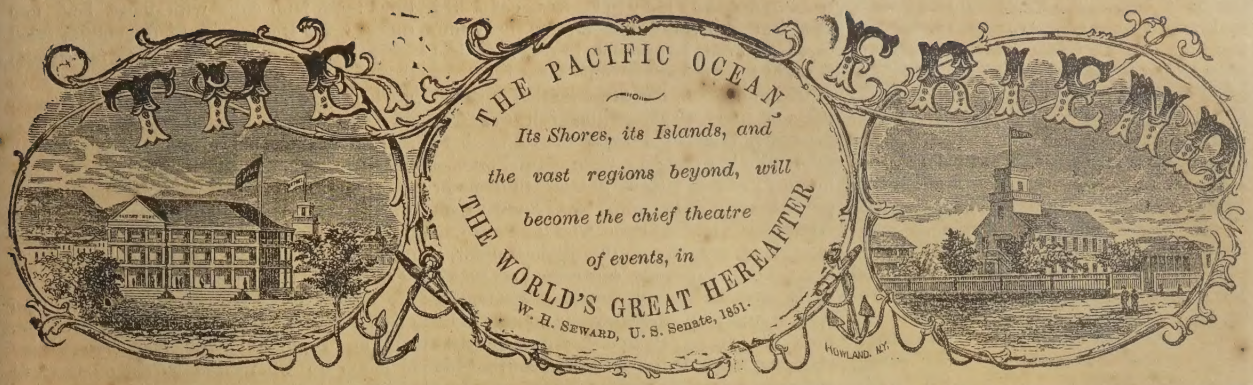
THE PACIFIC OCEAN,
Its Shores, its Islands, and
the vast regions beyond, will
become the chief theatre
of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.
HOWLAND, KY.

New Series, Vol. 26, No. 8.} HONOLULU, AUGUST 1, 1877. {Old Series, Vol. 34.

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THE FRIEND.

AUGUST 1, 1877.

"Pleasant Memories."—In the issue of the *Advertiser* of July 21, the editor dilates upon the pleasant impressions made upon the minds of the passengers landing from the Australian steamers and spending a few hours in our shady bowers, riding up to the Pali and listening to the sweet music discoursed by Berger's band of Hawaiian musicians. This item reminds us of a paragraph in a letter received per last Australian steamer from the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, who passed our islands in 1871, and who will be remembered by his lecture in the Fort Street Church on the siege of Jerusalem by Titus. His letter opens thus:

"Time is rapidly making our pleasant intercourse of a few days in Honolulu in 1871, seem a thing of the far past. I wish I could renew the pleasure, for your home in Honolulu always stands in my memory as a synonym for an earthly paradise. I am now at Adelaide, with as much labor, responsibility and honor as is good for a modest man like myself. I hope you and your paper are still flourishing. * * I have taken much interest in Hawaiian affairs ever since I left you, and my experiences as your guest have given flavor to many a speech since 1871—even the 'grand tour' of the world has not obliterated the Sandwich Islands from my memory. I do not know if ever again I shall see your palm-girt isles, but I live in hope of so doing. Send me an occasional Friend as a reminder of the past. Your bound volumes are of much value and interest to me."

Such is the delightful impression which a view of our islands left upon the mind of a passing traveler. This allusion calls to mind a paragraph in a letter recently received from our European correspondent, who claims the islands as his birth-place and early home: "Nowhere in all my travels have I found a spot one-half so beautiful or where people enjoy themselves so well! My mind is fully made up that the islands, but especially Honolulu, is the best place in all the world, and whoever has the privilege of living there need not be in a hurry to go away. I love the islands so dearly, and every fern by every mountain stream from Hawaii to Kauai. The Grand Louvre does not hold a picture one-half so beautiful in my eyes, as that which used to greet me looking through my open window to the sunlight and ferns beyond; so if strangers come to you asking for the islands' 'coleur-de-rose,' you may know they are of my sending—and Miss Bird."

Twelfth Annual Catalogue of Massachusetts Institute of Technology—we would acknowledge from Prof. Kneeland, who visited our islands some years ago. We rejoice to learn that the Institute makes so fair an exhibit of professors and pupils—among the latter we notice the name of James B. Castle of Honolulu, in the 2d year of study. Total number of students 293, and 19 professors, including the president. This institute has the reputation of being the most thorough of any in the United States.

Temperance Cause in the United States.—We rejoice to learn from so many reliable sources that this good cause is awakening renewed efforts in all parts of the United States. Public men hitherto standing aloof are becoming the stoutest advocates of prohibition. The sin of drunkenness appears to be standing out clear and marked, while the enormity of licensing men to manufacture drunkards is become too glaring to find advocates among decent people.

Donation for Bethel repairs—$10 from a lady.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—NO. 7

Geneva, May 30, 1877.

This is really my last date from Geneva, as I leave on to-morrow's train for Strasbourg via Berne, Fribourg, Zurich, Bale. I think I have seen Geneva as thoroughly as most people do who come here, and after a six months' residence shall carry away the pleasantest memories of the place and of innumerable kindnesses of which I have been the recipient. The town is now full of strangers; you hear American and English speaking people wherever you go. It is surprising to see how much our American and English authors furnish reading for the continent. Nearly every work of importance published in America or England is next seen in French; this is especially marked in the recent religious publications.

The country was never more beautiful. I had expected to find Switzerland beautiful at this season, but it surpasses my utmost expectations. One day after another brings new revelations in nature. The fruit trees are in bloom, the hawthorne hedges are covered with leaves and feathery clusters of flowers, the blossom is so small and fine, coming in long clustering sprays and looks like light snow among the new leaves. The horse chesnut trees all over the country seem like enormous Christmas trees with white tapers—the great waxy clusters of blossoms are very beautiful. The rose bushes are covered with hundreds of buds which seem ready to burst into bloom at the first touch of June. But this beauty of the country I can take with me.

Herewith I send the remainder of my sketches of a trip around the Lake.

LAUSAUNE.

Lausaune, May 8. The loveliest of sunny days and the picturesque views which have met us at every turn have made us so in love with this old city that we are still here though we had thought to spend the night at Vevey. To use the words "old, picturesque, historic" is a poor way of telling you what I want to tell. But what else am I to do? Our first visit this morning was to the cathedral, the finest in Switzerland. It crowns the city and shoots up towers and spires into the blue of the sky above. Endless flights of steps lead up to it, past red tiled roofs and under the soft, early shadows of the chesnuts. The inte-

rior is a beautiful gothic, and iconoclastic zeal and successive revolutions have left many interesting relics which have disappeared from St. Pierre in Geneva. Sculptured and excessively dusty bishops, with folded hands and shepherd's crook, lie in marble dignity. Noble families of Lausaune and Berne are still remembered in their coats of arms and lengthy descriptions. Workmen were busy in restoring a portion of the church and very persistently interfered with the historic memories of the interior. Under these arches Calvin, Viret, and Farel held their famous conference and ushered in the Reformation. But the real beauty of this old cathedral is in its exterior, in its flying buttresses. graceful spires, sculptured apostles, and massive walls. Worn and ancient steps led up to the bell-tower from which we caught a glorious view of the town and blue lake and encircling mountains On every object for miles about fell the softening beauty of the morning sunlight. The wooded slopes and distant plains were bright with the early leaves of May. A fine terrace shaded with old trees lies on one side of the cathedral and in this quiet and cool retreat one would gladly stay and dream the whole day through. Just beneath I noticed a large class of laughing, merry Swiss girls, who were enjoying the sunshine (of which they seemed a part), far more than the instructions of their drawing master, who sat contentedly in their midst. Sketch books and pencils were powerless in this wonderful beauty of sky and cloud and mountain. The old academy from which the fine army of students have just issued, is a short distance beyond. This is the intellectual center of an intellectual city. Lausaune has seen many noble thinkers and writers and students. Here Vinet, that fine representative of Christian scholarship lived and lectured. His widow is still here. The library is a little world in itself and presided over by a most devoted custodian, who exhibited his treasures with a very enthusiastic fondness. Up the hill, a little farther on is the ancient chateau with its four turrets, which basked in the sunlight, in a kind of sleepy indolent way, as its six or eight-centuries fairly entitled it to do. It has lost its former feudal and warlike character and become a very proper and sedate modern affair in the interior and been converted into public offices. The shady court near at hand was filled with gentlemen at noon time discussing business and politics, etc. Very important looking characters in green coats with huge brass-buttons passed here and there, the very personifications of propriety. Off on the hills lay beautiful residences, in the cool recesses of groves and shrubbery. In the suburbs is the former home of Kemble the actor, and his body is buried in the cemetery on the road to Berne. Then in the forest still farther on tradition tells us the Druids once worshiped. Eyes and head and heart have to be kept very busy, linking all these dates and names and events with the present. Then came a little visit at the Arland Museum to see some fine pictures of Swiss scenery and historical events. Lausaune has had its brilliant days. Literature and literary people have found a home here and the names of Voltaire and Gibbon, of Hallerand Constant, and Vulliemin are all more or less connected with Lausaune and the Canton de Vaud. Geneva and Lausaune have furnished thought for Europe and the great problems of life, and death, the investigation of scientific and literary subjects, the full and free discussion of all high themes have had here those who have taken a vigorous and intense interest in them. Few greater thinkers or purer hearts has the world ever known than Alexander Vinet, a man who united to an intellectual capacity of the highest order, a heart most delicately sensitive and exquisitely attuned to all spiritual influences. As a lecturer in theology and literature he drew his pupils about him with a remarkable magnetism and in his own beautiful life portrayed the noble ideal he held up before them. After its centuries of political strife, and its intellectual struggles and victories, Lausaune is to-day a thriving city, of beautiful homes, of quiet and regular life and full of many hopeful prophecies for the future. But Geneva, Lausaune and indeed all Switzerland need the same rich spiritual blessings which America and England have of late enjoyed. There is much real earnestness among many of the pasteurs and their followers, but the country thirsts for some glorious wave of religious revival and inspiration, which shall bring to these Swiss cantons a renewal of that spirit of earnest piety, which has shown here so markedly in other days. Pray that it may soon come.

ON THE QUAY AT VEVEY.

May 8. I can't resist the temptation to sit right down here on the quay to write a few lines, in the presence of these wonderful mountains, with my face to the open valley of the Rhone, where the sunset is just now saying good-bye and lighting up the distant peaks. This is on the long promenade of this favorite and fashionable town, whose elegant hotels and pensions, with their terraces and gardens and balconies border the shore. The lake is quiet and peaceful, stirred only by a gentle ripple. A little puffing steamer is hurrying down towards Geneva. A few boats break the still surface of the waters. On the far western horizon hangs a fringe of showers, veiling the mountains. A muttering of thunder comes to us, which is too distant, however, to disturb our enjoyment of the sunset. Directly opposite are the towering Alps of Savoy, rising sheer from the waters of the lake. The majestic Dent d'Oche is just seen under the heavy masses of cloud, farther on the Dent du Midi, then curving splendidly about the ends of the lake come peak after peak, whose snows are soft and warm in the fading light. Chillon lies a distant white speck in the gathering mists on the edge of the dusky waters. We left Lausaune this morning while the big drops fell ceaselessly about our car. A few small towns lay along the route, but none of them of any especial importance. Long stretches of budding vines, ancient and gnarled and mossy, like armies of little black dwarfs, and orchards of snowy pear and tinted apple trees and blossoming lilacs followed us all the way to Vevey. Vevey, the guide-book says, is the old Roman Vibiscum. By the way every other place you visit along the road seems to be built on Roman foundations, and some old inscription or carved stone links these later days with those long ago times when the eagles of the empire ruled where now the white cross of the feudal flag keeps watch and ward over these wave washed picturesque towns. This warm and favored nook is dearly loved by those who come from the cold and rigorous countries of the north, and summer and winter is frequented by English, Russians, Germans and Americans. We found a most delightfullly picturesque spot among the poplars on the outskirts of the town, a tower of the middle ages. Near this once lived Ludlow, one of the judges of Charles I., of England, who made Vevey his home for thirty years. He, with one Broughton, who read the sentence of death to Charles, is buried on the hill above the tower. This tower is in partial ruins, and with its mantling ivy, and wide fosse, grassy and flower-grown, makes a most charming picture. Two rooms in the round tower are furnished in antique style, hung with armor and ancient portraits. In the tower room, dimly lighted by narrow openings in the massive walls, sits a knight in full armor, looking out grimly at those who are thus intruding on his privacy. Finely carved cabinets, helmets, huge swords, cross-bows, and faded tapestries, all serve to aid the imagination in retracing the centuries to old Peter of Savoy, who once held the tower. At the other end of the wall rises another tower half concealed in the ivy, where our quiet concierge pointed out the gloomy opening into which the poor victims were thrown by their conquerors.

I had looked forward to a "quiet little supper at Rousseau's favorite inn, La Clef," but though I discovered an immense swinging key, I was unable to obtain from the proprietor sufficiently definite information to lead me to sacrifice a very comfortable, modern hotel for the uncertain possibilities of more poetic surroundings. Do come to Vevey when you can, it is charming beyond words, and more comfortable than I can tell. Right along with this most majestic scenery you have every possible convenience of hotels, of beautiful shops, of art and book-stores, and everything is done to render the tourist oblivious to that which is in any wise unpleasant in travel.

Montreux, May 10. You see we are moving on step by step, pitching our camp where inclination leads us. But we are nearly at the end of our week's excursion and just beyond us lie Chillon's white walls which are our morrow's goal.

It is astonishing how much one can see in a very short space of time if one is only in earnest!—Just back of Vevey perched on the heights is one of the most interesting feudal remains of Switzerland, the chateau of Blonay, which has been in the same family for some seven or eight hundred years. The air was vibrant with bells and the streets dotted with country people in gala-dress, on their way to church as we walked up to it this morning. Certainly a most glorious Ascension Day! It seemed as if all the world had caught the inspiration of this day of triumph and victory and sang praise unto Him who is its Lord and King. Our way lay under arches of fruit-blossoms, inlaid on the perfect blue of the sky; perfumed vistas, where birds sang and shadows played and made a phantom-outline of each

spray and bud and blossom that bent above our heads. A free, joyous mountain stream leaping from rock to rock came down in a perfect holiday mood from the mountains above and glanced in and out of the trees and their shadows, crowning its surface with wreaths of foam one moment, only to throw them into the keeping of the sunshine, the next. Then there were fields and fields of long grasses, of butter cups, daisies, crimson clover-heads, forget-me-nots, dandelions, and a host of other wild flowers, whose names I do not know, rising in brilliant terraces up to the fine old castle, on the mountain side. The arched gateway, the massive Roman tower in the center, the long corridors, the spacious dining hall, all remain as in the days when the lords of the castle held sway over the country for miles about. In jousts and tourneys, in battles and contests, in wars and crusades the knights of Blonay held a conspicuous part. From their high vantage ground they could sweep the coast and country and lake at one glance and kept in submission their vassals. Nowhere have I been able to *realize* the life of the middle ages as here, in the narrow lane down which the horsemen without doubt dashed with their fleet footed steeds, in coat of mail, to the foray in the valleys below; the heavy gateways, the paved court, the windows from which the ladies waved adieu to the knights departing, the countless little eloquent objects, which in the hush and stillness of the spring noon-tide, seemed as so many voices from that past upon which we are accustomed to look either as a picturesque study for the pen of the poet or brush of the painter, but which now was peopled with living, actual presences. The present heir to the name of Blonay is living at Lausaune, coming to his ancestral castle in the summer. Many legends of the old romantic days in connection with the history of the family still remain, but I musn't trouble you with these.

Clarens, a little village which Rousseau has rendered famous as the scene of his "Nouvelle Heloise" lies a short distance beyond Vevey. Rousseau and Byron have by that indescribable power of genius given to all the localities in this neighborhood a name and fame, which otherwise, notwithstanding the rare beauty of the surrounding scenes, they would never have possessed. So that people in distant countries feel as if this Lake is strangely familiar to them, almost as if they had indeed seen it. The frowning crags of Meillerie are on the opposite shore of Savoy. The heights above were white with heavy snows, as we saw them in the gathering twilight. There is nothing at all striking in the town itself, but Byron, who here saw everything through that luminous haze of poetic feeling, could say of it,

"Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep Love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought,
The trees take not in Love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly."

Just back of Clarens is a little cemetery where the great Vinet is buried, whose name is one which would hallow far more this town and fair landscape, than those of the two poets, whose ideals and aspirations were ever chained and fettered by the presence of earth-born and passionate associations. There was something very touching in the sight of so many tomb-stones in this same little enclosure, in English, telling how that one after another, young and old from England and America, seeking health and recreation in these quiet and beautiful scenes, had died far from their native land.

May 14th.

MONTREUX AND CHILLON.

I wrote you last I think from Montreux, from above which Humboldt, I believe, says that you have the finest view in all the world. Of course this is as it seemed to him, and I suppose there are few scenes which surpass it. Still from the midst of all these famous landscapes, which for centuries the most gifted men and women have delighted to write about, I find that my thoughts very often turn to the Pacific, and I love to think that amid our valleys and mountains are scenes which are only waiting for some eloquent voice to render them a part of the world's treasures. The constant stream of visitors has made Montreux what it is, a perfect hot-bed of hotels and pensions. The beautiful wooded slopes of the mountains rise up finely from the shore, terminating in sharp and jagged peaks and needles, which gather the mists and clouds about them as a kind of shield and protection. *Glion*, a little village, clings like a bird to the cliffs above Montreux; farm-houses and chalets perch on the vine-covered and sunny uplands, and everything seems to reach up towards those heights which glitter like a constant inspiration to the dwellers below.

Is there any one point in Europe which a poet has rendered more celebrated than Byron, the *Castle of Chillon?* Don't you recall those lines of his, which sooner or later creep into every one's memory?

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlements
Which round about the wave enthralls;
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay
We heard it ripple night and day.
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old
There are seven columns massy and grey,
Dim with a dull, imprisoned ray
A sunbeam which hath lost its way."

The castle was so familiar to me through descriptions and pictures, that as I passed under its ancient gateway, it seemed more like coming back to something I had always known than like the first visit. You have it also I am sure, very accurately in mind; the curving line of the railroad, the ivy-festooned wall, and the towers and turrets and white walls, the mirroring lake, and the mountains in the background. The chateau projects into the lake, so that in looking out from some of the windows, you feel almost as if you had drifted away from the main land into the open sea. It seems like rehearsing an old story to tell you anything of the interior, for you must be so familiar with every shadowy nook that it is almost useless to think that you will find anything new in what I can say. Alas the utter incapability of a modern guide to understand any sentimental desire to linger among the shadows. But, poor man, he had, he told me, a wife lying so ill at home that his heart was too full of the present to care much about the woes of those who had centuries ago found within these walls the harsh discipline of captivity and death. A portion of the castle is now utilized by the Swiss government as a store house for cannon and ammunition and also as a prison, though I thought that it spoke well for the morals of the adjoining country that there were only two prisoners under lock and key. The guide first leads you to the old chapel; then to a rough, rock-hewn couch where the unfortunate captives slept (?) the last night before their execution, with the opening in the wall, now closed, where the bodies were afterwards thrown into the lake. And amid the shadows peers out the beam to which they were hung. But the real point of interest is in the next room, the cell of Bonivard. Now while this would not be at all an agreeable habitation, yet Byron's fancy has given it a gloom and dreariness which it never possessed, and any one who would prefer to keep his poem with its beautiful embellishments, rather than the more substantial circumstances of fact and history, would do well to read it at a distance from the scene. There are however the pillars "of gothic mould," and the spot is pointed out where Bonivard, "the prisoner of Chillon," walked back and forth, leaving the trace of his weary tread.

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod
By Bonivard! may none those marks efface
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Bonivard, prior of St. Victor, was one of the most active workers in Geneva for those liberties which have been the greatest glory of the city. He became, in consequence of this, very disagreeable to the Duke of Savoy, who ultimately succeeded in capturing him and imprisoning him for six years in his Castle of Chillon. After these years of imprisonment, Bonivard finds himself one day surrounded by friends and deliverers, who have besieged his prison by sea and land, and he is borne off in triumph to Geneva, where he seems to have passed the remaining years of his life in the greatest peace and plenty. Byron's imagination is responsible for the pathetic fate of the brothers, dying one by one, and those exquisitely drawn but painful pictures of slow and lingering pain and torture, which have made his readers shed sympathizing tears. The pillars, which give the cell, something of the appearance a chapel, are covered with names of visitors, among them being those of some of the most distinguished literary people of the country, Dickens, Shelley, Mrs. Stowe, etc. You feel in coming out of the dungeon, however, that you are leaving one of the most fascinating spots in Europe, because of the wealth of associations which cling to the bare stone walls and hover in this dusky light, and you put down the time passed in the recesses, notwithstanding all the disallusions your imagination has suffered, as being most satisfactorily spent. But there is still something more to be seen, and with that morbid appetite for terrible things, if they have the glamour of centuries over them, every one stops to look at the pillar where the tortured person was suspended in hopes of wresting from him the desired avowal. The marks of the cruel and pitiless iron are burned in the wood, very fearful testimony to the possibilities of cruelty, which are in the heart of man. In a little room, entered by a great, iron bolted and barred door, is the Oubliette, where the accused met the most dreadful of deaths. He was forced to walk down, in the darkness, a little flight of three steps, but when he sought the fourth it was to step out to meet a sure and horrible fate in the depths below. How quietly one can look at these barbarous reminders of a barbarous age!

The Duke and Duchess of Savoy had fine and gorgeously frescoed apartments in the upper part of the castle. The Grand Knights or Reception Hall, with its mammoth fire-place, is a spacious room, with an out-look on the lake. What a contrast there must have been between these upper rooms and those dungeons where we have just been. Don't you think, however, something of the gloom and dreariness of the captives must have crept up now and then into the gay company above? The clouds and rain which persistently shut in about the old castle, walls seemed strangely in keeping with the memories of the place.

F. W. Damon.

THE FRIEND.
AUGUST 1, 1877.

Plea to Science.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

O Science, reaching backward through the distance,
Most earnest child of God,
Exposing all the secrets of existence,
With thy divining rod.
I bid thee speed up to the heights supernal,
Clear thinker, ne'er sufficed;
Go, seek and find the laws and truths eternal,
But leave me Christ.

Upon the vanity of pious sages,
Let in the light of day;
Break down the superstition of all ages,
Thrust bigotry away.
Stride on, and bid all stubborn foes defiance,
Let truth and reason reign—
But I beseech thee, O immortal Science,
Let Christ remain.

What canst thou give to help me bear my crosses,
In place of Him, my Lord?
And what to recompense for all my losses,
And bring me sweet reward?
Thou couldst not with thy clear, cold eyes of reason,
Thou couldst not comfort me
Like One who passed through that tear-blotted season,
In sad Gethsemane.

Through all the weary, wearing hours of sorrow,
What word that thou hast said
Would make me strong to wait for some to-morrow,
When I should find my dead?
When I am weak, and desolate, and lonely,
And prone to follow wrong:
Not thou, O Science—Christ, my Saviour, only
Can make me strong.

Thou art so cold, so lofty, and so distant,
Though great my need might be,
No prayer, however constant and persistent,
Could bring thee down to me.
Christ stands so near, to help me through each hour,
To guide me day by day:
O Science, sweeping all before thy power,
Leave Christ, I pray.

Geneva Theological Seminary.

Perhaps I have told you before that this seminary was to fit and prepare young men for the evangelical churches of Switzerland. There is another seminary in the national church, but the views held are rather liberal. Through the kind introduction of Prof. de la Harpe of the former, I have met the professors and students, and received a most warm and Christian welcome. I think the students at the New Haven Seminary would see something of a difference between their surroundings and those of the students here. They have a few rooms in the rear of the church of the Oratorie, very simple and plain. The young men seem to come from the poorer classes, just such men as I fancy went out in Calvin's day as missionaries and teachers. The opening conference was in an upper room which is reached by winding stone stairs. Here I found quite a room full. There were present five or six professors—men with noble faces, refined and cultured and Christian. I was especially struck by the earnest, thoughtful yet cheerful tone of all their remarks. The president read a translation of a very interesting sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, and Prof. de la Harpe and one or two other gentlemen spoke in a way which I am sure would receive the approbation of brave old Calvin, who undoubtedly through these bright heavenly years has been adding the sweetness of the Saviour's love to the righteous and just decrees of the law. Surely his pale face in his portrait on the wall had nothing in it of disapproval.

The first morning there was one lecture on Exegesis, one on the history of religious Dogma, and one on the Archæology of the Old Testament. I could understand very well and am sure it will prove a most useful exercise. I certainly shall endeavor to devote three mornings in a week to it. Some of the students are most agreeable. I had a very interesting conversation this morning with a young Swiss from Vevey and with a Spaniard from Malaga, who is fitting himself for the work in Spain.

March, 1877. F. W. D.

[For the Friend.]

Vestiges of the Molten Globe,

AS EXHIBITED IN THE FIGURE OF THE EARTH, VOLCANIC ACTION, AND PHYSIOGRAPHY.—BY WILLIAM LOWTHIAN GREEN, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS TO THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. Part 1. London, 1875.

This book put into our hands to-day was read with fascinated interest. The writer attempts, as it seems to us with entire success, to find the law which determined the form of the original collapsing of the hardened crust of the earth upon its molten interior as the latter contracted by loss of heat.

Leading geological theories have long attributed the formation of the great mountain chains and consequent shapes of the continents to the wrinkling up of the earth's crust upon its shrinking interior. Students of physical geography have also been accustomed to note a certain marked regularity in the forms of the continents and the distribution of land and water; such as the broadening southward of the three great oceans; the southward tapering of the three great southerly continents; and the eastward inclination of each; also that large masses of land are antipodal to large masses of water.

These prominent facts and many others are all accounted for by our author under one general hypothesis which he has elaborated with a wide and careful collation of facts. He finds the form of the collapsing of the earth's crust to have been substantially *tetrahedral*. A tetrahedron, it will be remembered is a kind of pyramid with three sides and a triangular base, or more accurately a solid with four triangular sides. Of course the spheroidal shape of the solid earth is understood to be but very slightly modified in the tetrahedral direction, while the surface of the ocean maintains, the original spheroidal form with slight deviations.

This tetrahedroid shape into which the solid crust of the earth collapsed necessarily gives to the surface its three great shoulders in the north temperate zone of the American continent, the Europe-Africa continent, and the Asiatic mass, each with their tapering southern prolongations, the last in Australia, along the three ridges of the tetrahedroid. It has also given the apex of the tetrahedroid in the Antarctic continent, with its antipodal base in the depression of the Arctic Polar Sea. Each of the continent shoulders also has its antipodal ocean depression.

A collateral and very important part of Mr. Green's hypothesis is that of a "twin shift of the crust." Owing to the smaller diameter of the southern hemisphere attendant upon the pear shape of the globe given by the tetrahedral collapse, that hemisphere has tended to assume a more rapid revolution upon the axis than the northern. Hence in the earlier and thinner stage of the crust, the southern half shifted eastward, causing the similar eastward inclination of the great southerly projections of America, Africa and Australia.

The line of cleavage from the northern half is clearly traced along Honduras and the Antilles, the Mediterranean, India and Malaysia. It is marked by the cutting off without exception at this line of every transverse mountain chain. Near this line also are most of the earth's volcanoes.

This simple and beautiful hypothesis is so completely in accordance with the great obvious facts of the earth's form, and so perfectly explains them, that it seems strange it was not long since detected. We unhesitatingly hazard the prediction, that before many years this theory in its substantial elements will be considered essential to any satisfactory system of physical geography.

This volume is illustrated by admirable colored maps and diagrams. We await with high expectation parts 2 and 3 of this remarkable work, carrying out the bearings of this theory upon the facts of volcanic action and of physiography. S. E. B.

Honolulu, June 30, 1877.

REV. JOSEPH COOK'S LECTURES. — We would acknowledge copies of the Boston *Advertiser* from J. W. Austin, Esq., in which these lectures are officially published. The last, No. 80, was delivered May 30th, and on that occasion the Rev. B. G. Snow of the Micronesian mission, was upon the platform and offered prayer. A second series by Mr. Cook will be commenced October 1st, when the influence of German thought upon America will be discussed. The influence of the lectures is felt not only in America, but they are republished in England and quoted in Germany, while they are read wherever the English language is spoken.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HISTORY OF THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA, BY HENRY WILSON, VOL. 3. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1877.

The third and last volume of this important work has appeared, and it affords us much gratification to have a copy laid on our table. The former volumes we noticed in the FRIEND of June, 1873, and October, 1876. It is highly gratifying to read in the publishers' notice, a full recognition of the important services of the Rev. Samuel Hunt, who was for several years Mr. Wilson's private secretary, and without whose aid Mr. Wilson could not have written this voluminous historical work amid his many public duties as Vice President and lecturer. Mr. Hunt, as we have good reason for asserting, acted a far more important part than that of a mere amanuensis or copyist. It is the joint work of the two men, and perhaps neither could possibly have written it without the other's efficient aid and co-operation, and hence is quite unique in the history of literature. If Mr. Hunt felt at liberty to state just the part he took in the premises, while just to Mr. Wilson, it would be interesting to the reading public. An editorial notice in the *Christian Union* expresses the desire for this information.

The literary character of volume 3d sustains that of the former volumes. After reading the former volumes Judge Allen remarked to us, that the work possessed the interest of a romance, although consisting of matters purely historical. As years roll on much of the interest connected with events treated of in this work will die away, yet the "slave element" in American history will never be forgotten or cease to exert an important influence, hence the value of a trustworthy history like this of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hunt. Works like this and that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," will not cease to find readers for ages to come. There is a desire—morbid perhaps—in the public mind to revert to scenes of plantation life and the influence of the institution of slavery upon American politics and American history. In a late number of the Boston *Advertiser*, the following notice attracted our attention as indicative of this feeling, even in Boston:

"EVERY EVENING at 7.45 and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's world-famous work, entitled

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

with the popular artist,

MRS. G. C. HOWARD,

in her great original character of

"TOPSY."

Supported by Mr. G. C Howard and a special Dramatic Company.

THE OLD DOMINION JUBILEE SINGERS, and 100 other genuine Southern Colored People, who were slaves before the war, will participate in the Great Plantation Scenes."

What comments upon the American people, that their history for the last two hundred and fifty years should have given rise to works such as the "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Surely it is worthy of thanksgiving, that the days of African slavery in the United States have come to an end!

PRECAUTIONS OF A BOOK LENDER.—A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes: "I have a considerable library, quite miscellaneous in make-up, and I have for years lent books under certain restrictions. In the first place, I seldom lend a volume out of a set, or if for good cause I make an exception, I stipulate the time of its return, as I am a firm believer in what is worth borrowing is worth returning. In the second place, I keep an account of the books I loan, to whom, and when. In the third place, when I need to use a book loaned, or when I think it has been out long enough to be read, I send for it, whether the borrower be friend, neighbor, or acquaintance. In the fourth place, I always intend to cover with paper a book I lend, though I believe a careful borrower should do this if the book is taken uncovered. As to fine bindings, I am more chary about loaning, my decision depending upon the borrower and my opinion of him or her. I seldom have lost a book by lending. If the borrower dislikes being reminded of his delinquency in keeping the book an unnecessarily long time, or of my (the owner) needing the same, perhaps he will not soon again borrow, which decision on his part suits me exactly, if my experience with him shows his principles."

—Wishing often to borrow books, we are determined not to be behind our neighbors in loaning, but the borrower of a large volume, first series of the FRIEND, is requested to return the same, and also the January number of the Bibliotheca Sacred.

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MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

June 30—Am brig J M Avery, Avery, — dys from San Fran-
July 1—Haw bk Lunalilo, Marston, 52 days from Newcastle, N S W, via Lahaina, Maui.
6—Am bk Buena Vista, Hardies, 26 days from Townsend.
10—Am bk D C Murray, Fuller, 16 days fm San Fran-
13—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Jonhson, 16 days from Port Gamble.
14—British bk Eskbank, Barr, 138 days from Glasgow.
17—P M S City of New York, Cobb, 18 days fm Sydney
19—Am bk Ocean Gem, Hoffman from Lahaina Maui.
21—Am schr Bonanza, Miller, 18 dys from San Fran'co.
26—Am bk Atalanta, Gatlee, 35 days from Port Gamble

DEPARTURES.

June 30—Am bk Belle of Oregon, Merriman, fr Jarvis Island
30—Haw bk Iolani, Garrels, for Bremen.
July 5—H B M's S Fantome, Com Macquay, for Victoria.
10—Haw bk Mattie Macleay, Pope, for Portland.
12—Am bktne Discovery, Shepherd, for San Francisco.
16—Haw bk Lunalilo, Marston, for Puget Sound.
16—Am bk Buena Vista, Hardies, for Puget Sound.
17—Am brig Hesperian, Winding, for Guano Islands,
18—P M S City of New York, Cobb, for San Francisco.
19—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, for Puget Sound.
21—Haw brig Julia M Avery, Avery, for San Francisco
23—Am bktne Jane A Falkinburg, Hubbard, fr Portland
23—Am bk Ocean Gem, Hoffmann, for Victoria.

MEMORANDA.

REPORT OF P M S CITY OF NEW YORK, COBB, COMMANDER.—Left Sydney June 29th, at 3 p m; experienced strong winds from S and SE with heavy sea to Auckland, arriving July 4th, in 4 days and 19 hours. Left same day at 5 p m; crossed Prime Meridian on the 6th; 9th, at 7.05 a m, Samoan Island of Tiutuia, abeam, distant 12 miles W; arrived at Honolulu on the 17th, at 4.30 p m. Experienced from Auckland fine weather. The ss Zealandia arrived at Sydney on the 22d, 50 hours overdue.

REPORT OF AM SCHR BONANZA, C F MILLER, MASTER.—Left San Francisco July 3d. First five days out moderate N and NW winds; next four days NE wind and cloudy, with light showers of rain; next seven days light variable winds, with a heavy NW swell; last two days NE wind with heavy cross swell. Made East Maui at daylight of the 21st, bearing S twelve miles, with very heavy clouds hanging over the land.

PASSENGERS.

FOR JARVIS ISLAND—Per Belle of Oregon, June 29—Geo W King, Mr Hinds, Mrs Spencer and 3 children, and 18 natives

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per D C Murray, July 10—Miss A Cording, G H McConnell and wife, Jno Silva, A Rosehill, F G Hastings, Teasky and 12 Chinamen.

FOR PORTLAND—Per Mattie Macleay, July 10—Rev Alex Mackintosh and wife, H von Holt.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Discovery, July 12—Rev J F Pogue, Miss Pogue, Col Norris, Miss I Scott.

FROM GLASGOW—Per Eskbank, July 14—Robt Young and wife, R Young and wife, George Young, Mrs Heriot and 5 children, Geo Laudeman.

FROM SYDNEY—Per City of New York, July 17—W Buchanan.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of New York, July 18—W H Bradley and wife, G C Zeh, Mrs J A Hopper and daughter, Miss C A Carter, Miss Julia Judd, F S Pratt, Mrs Vanden Burgh and daughter, J McDade, W H Cornwell, Mrs H Cornwell, S Callahan, Hon S N Castle, wife and 2 children, H H Wilcox, R Whitman, B Barry, P Peterson, A D Lockwood, C Hammond, J C Keynon, D Manson, Jos Araza, H S Crocker, wife and 2 sons, Miss Nellie Crocker, Mrs Easton, Miss Easton, Mrs Taylor, O H Hurter.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Bonanza, July 21—Mrs J H Hare and son, Mrs W H Kind and daughter, Mrs J Grieve, Miss Jennie Grieve, Miss Jane P Hare, Miss Selina S Pomroy, Capt J C Gunn, James Enwright, A Kerr, F H Barnard, Wm Doe.

MARRIED.

GODFREY—MCLEAN.—In San Francisco, June 13th, by Rev J Rowell, Capt WM B GODFREY, of San Francisco, to Miss CARRIE E MCLEAN, of this city.

TODD—COOK.—At the Ridge House, Kona, Hawaii, June 25th, by Rev J D Paris, Mr WILLIAM TODD to Miss SARAH COOK.

MATTHEW—MAKUKONA—In Honolulu, July 30th, by Rev. S. C. Damon, MATTHEW (Japanese), to MARIA MAKUKONA (Hawaiian).

DIED.

MARSDEN.—At Honokaa Plantation, Hawaii, June 19th, Mr MARSDEN, aged 16.

JORDAN—In this city, June 23d, 1877, the infant son of E. W. and Sarah Jordan. Also in this city, June 30th, 1877, SARAH, the beloved wife of E. W. Jordan, (daughter of G. B. Owen, Esq.,) aged 30 years.

ADAMS.—In this city, July 13th, Mr JOHN ADAMS, aged about 53 years, son of the late Capt Alexander Adams.

ELLIS—At Sweet Home, Honolulu, July 29th, Miss HARRIET ELLIS, aged 23 years.

(For the FRIEND.)

How God Educates His Children.

BY REV. D. DOLE.

Paul, in writing to Titus, (2:11, 12) says, "The grace of God bringing salvation to all men hath appeared, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly."

The word rendered *teaching* means the training or educating of children, as in Acts 7:22—"Moses was educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and growing out of this, it has the meaning also of *chastening, disciplining.* This appears very clearly in Heb. 12:5, 11. Here the verb and its kindred noun appear eight times. In the tenth verse appears the object God has in view in disciplining his children—"That we may become partakers of his holiness." In a kindred passage, (2d Peter, 1:4) "The exceeding great and precious promises" are made prominent in God's way of educating His children; and the object is the same, *that they may be partakers of the divine nature.* Sometimes it is necessary that the discipline be very severe. Then there is danger of discouragement, of yielding to despondency, and the exceeding great and precious promises, as the Holy Spirit suggests them, one after another, to the mind of the sorrowful, are like light in darkness, the dawning of hope.

To become partakers of the divine nature is something glorious, calculated to call forth our noblest aspirations. This is not like the longings of the Brahmans to be absorbed in God, lost in Him. It is to become like God in holiness, in knowledge; to be changed into His image from glory to glory. This, and only this, will satisfy, as the Psalmist declares, "When I awake, I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness."

Disappointments enter largely into the discipline to which God's children are subject. We are disappointed in ourselves. We hope for intellectual and moral excellence in a high degree, but very seldom are our hopes realized. Some hope for those accomplishments that will attract admiration. Others hope for wealth, and for the deference and power that come from wealth. They are disappointed. A few, one in a thousand, or one in a million perhaps, attain the object sought, whether it be wealth, fame, or power; still they are not satisfied. Their anticipations are not realized. Byron sought fame, or he awoke one morning and found himself famous. Yet he could recall only three happy days in all his life. Thus it is with all who expect satisfaction in power, riches, or fame. Vanity and vexation of spirit is their experience. The soul is too God-like to be satisfied with anything that the world can give.

People are disappointed in their friends also. If, in prosperity, many are their professed friends; but in adversity, most of these stand aloof, and manifest a coldness that is little akin to true friendship. Job was disappointed in his friends. They seem to have had a strong affection for him; and, for a time, their sympathy soothed him in his sore afflictions; but it would have been more for his peace if they had kept away. They did not understand his case, or in charging him with wickedness, they aggravated his sorrows. Nor was it strange that he should call them "miserable comforters."

Thus people, in every profession, in every calling of life, are subject to disappointment; and every disappointment whispers, "earth is not your rest; there is no satisfying portion below the skies." In every disappointment is an exhortation to choose the better part that can not be taken away. God himself is the better part, the portion of those who love Him, as the Psalmist asserts, "His loving kindness is better than life."

God trains his children for the better land in various ways. He draws them to Himself by loving kindness. He tries and refines them by afflictions. He weans them from earth by disappointments. And He has given His Son to bear our griefs, to carry our sorrows, and to take away our sins. Of His fulness have we received; and we may still receive until we are full,—until it is no longer we that live, but He liveth in us, the life of our lives.

Japan Correspondence.

KOBE, JAPAN, April, 1877.

DEAR OLD "FRIEND."—For reasons which shall be explained, let me give you some extracts from the Japan Weekly Mail:

"Before the country was open to foreigners or had felt the stress of foreign ideas, protected prostitution and infanticide, all but legalized, had kept down the population of these islands to the point at which, with the assistance of an occasional epidemic, it could produce a sufficiency of food; and the means of clothing, housing, and over using itself without assistance from outside; which constitutes independence, according to the advocates of protection in *exelcis.* That three-fourths of the population toiled in comparative penury to support the remainder in idleness and luxury. That the nation made no progress whatever, as we understand progress to be, viz:—improvement in the condition of all; but remained sunk in a slumber of anything but sleeping beauty—all this to protectionists of the true type, matters not what. The country was independent. But the conditions of the problem are changed. Japan is awake. Both the evil practices we have mentioned are recognized by the government, as at all events, something to be ashamed of; and as the last census shows, the population is increasing, at something like the normal rate. Its people are no longer contented with their misery. They clamor for real progress.

"New wants have been created; new habits are forming; new voices are speaking.

"Twice has the nation been dependent on foreign imports of grain, for salvation from famine. And we take it, the problem, as it will soon begin to press on Japanese economists, is much the same as that which began to distress Englishmen in 1840, viz—however its limited average be made to produce enough of valuable consideration to purchase needful supplies."

This was said in behalf of free-trade. I quote it in behalf of a free gospel. Nothing else can eradicate these odious vices. When people hear of the great changes now effected here, the schools, colleges, railroads, telegraphs and steamers—and see the rich silks and exquisite works of art which they produce, some think it is a waste of time and money to try to evangelize them, that is a mistake.—Nothing short of the gospel and the grace of God can save Japan or any other people, as Egypt, Greece and Rome testify.

Cheating and lying are so prevalent among *all classes,* that it is extremely difficult to ascertain the truth, either through the press or by conversation. Those who employ servants to do their marketing, take it for granted that they will be *squeezed* a little at every opportunity.

From all accounts I think the mass of church members appear very well. They contribute cheerfully, and considering their means liberally, for benevolent object.

May 18. The divine blessing continues to rest on all efforts, so far as I know, to evangelize Japan. And it is marvelous to see how the government, without designing to do it, is aiding this good work. First by opening easy and quick communication to different parts of the empire; and secondly by adopting the Christian Sabbath as a day of rest, and thereby giving its employees liberty to keep the Lord's day *holy;* and thirdly, by its great liberality in the cause of education. In these particulars it is, I think, without a parallel in heathen lands. Beside Professor Clark, and Griffis (author of "The Mikado's Empire"), who were very useful, they have employed four men as teachers who have been wonderfully blessed in their labors, both for the mental and moral culture of their pupils. President Clark (of the Agricultural College of Massachusetts), who was engaged for one year to organize such a college in Japan, succeeded by tact and decision in getting permission to use the Bible as his *text book* for teaching morality, and used it so skillfully that he had the pleasure of seeing his whole class of sixteen hopefully converted; and at the same time his employers, government agents, highly approve his conduct, and would gladly have him continue his labors with them. Another person, Captain Jones of the United States, employed in teaching English in his *own house,* taught the Gospel and more than thirty were hopefully converted, most of whom are now preparing for the ministry.

Two Canadian clergymen, acting as teachers, have also organized churches, one of 16 members and the other of 80. A member of Kobe church is employed as a superintendent of the prison, and hopes that through his labor and prayers 50 or 60 prisoners are converted.

As ever yours in Christ,

P. J. GULICK.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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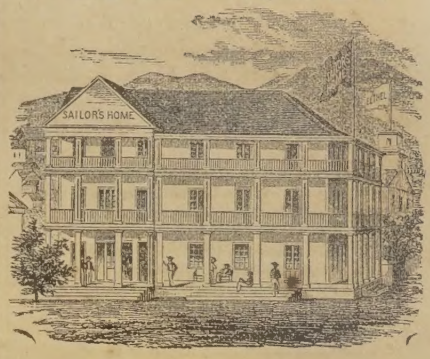

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THROUGH THE EXERTIONS OF THE LADIES' SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and the liberality of the General Government, a SEAMAN'S HOME is now being fitted up on Harrison, between Main and Spear streets, to which seamen of all nations are invited to make their home while in this port.

The Building is of brick, large and commodious, fronting on three streets, commanding a fine view of the harbor and city, conveniently located near the center of the water front, and capable of accommodating about 500 lodgers, with good dining room, reading and smoking room, chapel, etc. The house will be conducted on strict temperance principles like similar homes in other parts of this country and Europe.

"THE FRIEND,"

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PUBLISHED AND EDITED BY

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Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Petrified Fern.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was none of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,—
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
O the long, long centuries since that day!
O the agony! O life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.—ANONYMOUS.

THE CHINESE Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION of Honolulu has made much progress during the past year. The President of the Association, Mr. Sitmoon, is an earnest Christian worker, and in his capacity of colporteur and exhorter, has visited most of his countrymen on the different islands of the group.

The officers of the Association consist of a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer. Their meetings are held every Tuesday evening in the new Bethel lecture room, towards the building of which the Association and some of the individual members have contributed.

The meetings are opened with prayer and reading of Scriptures, then the minutes of the previous meeting are read, after which remarks are in order from any member. Mr. Asiu, the treasurer of the Association, brought with him from China lately quite a collection of Chinese books, also a number of Chinese newspapers; and they have lately made arrangements to have papers sent regularly from China and San Francisco. These papers and books are for the use of the members at the weekly meetings, and help largely to bring them together, and make the meetings interesting. The Association has accumulated quite a fund, amounting to over seven hundred dollars, and it is the intention at some time to build a hall or a Chinese home, where they can have a reading room, and hold their meetings, and provide entertainments of various kinds. They have lately purchased twenty-three lots in the new cemetery on the east slope of Punchbowl. This is certainly a step in the right direction, and will tend to do away with the foolish custom that has heretofore prevailed, of taking the remains of deceased friends back to the Flowery Kingdom that, as they supposed, their spirits may associate with those of their ancestors and be worshiped by their descendants. We hope this Association will accomplish much good among the Chinese of these islands. Let us as an Association, assist them in every possible way, and wish them God speed in their good work.

[P. S.—Just as our paper was going to press, we received a visit from our colporteur Sitmoon, who has been making a three weeks' tour around this island. He arrived this a. m. from Waikane; he reports 360 of his countrymen living at various points, among whom he has been laboring and preaching. He was kindly received by all, distributed nearly 400 tracts on various religious topics, besides eight copies of the New Testament. He came to Honolulu to replenish his materials for gratuitous distribution and returns to complete the tour of the island. During his absence his place as religious teacher in Honolulu has been supplied by ——— who came in the last company from China, who had been there employed in missionary work by the English missionaries.—ED]

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON BY H. W. BEECHER ON FAITHFUL STEWARDSHIP.—The way of honesty and integrity is the plain way and the safe way. Govern avarice. Restrain haste to be rich. Disdain any riches for which you have not rendered an equivalent of honest thinking, honest skill and honest industry. Refuse to take a gambler's bribe. Turn your back on that which is damnation to your pocket and to your soul. Stand on honesty. Observe moderation. Get no more than you can get by building yourself while you build your fortune. Never buy property at the expense of your manhood. Seek only that which will stand you instead in the day of trial, and be of permanent benefit to you. Honesty is yet, and forever will be, the best policy—even if you insist upon putting it as low as that; and dishonesty is like the breaking through of water where if one drop can pass more can follow. Every step you take in misjudgment, in bad management, in venturing upon wrong doing in business affairs, prepares the way for another, and another, and another.

This brings us to that point where we need the blaze and concentrated light of revelation—namely, that point in which so many men who have been good, and who by nature mean well, are drawn out of good intentions into criminality—into the position of culprits. And oh! the wildness, when a man has ventured, and fallen, and begins to hide his wrong, with which he will throw out his hands on every side to save himself from exposure! And here is where the Lord's Prayer applies with terrific force, when it says, "Lead us not into temptation." When a man is under a pressure, and is striving for his own safety, and his heart's love for his family is awakened, and the respect which he commands in the community and his reputation for uprightness are in danger of being sacrificed, and some desperate expedient is opened to him—under such circumstances a man does not know what he will do. And how many men there are who break down in just this manner! They begin by simply betraying trust in a safe way. That brings them to a point in which they have to betray it a little more extensively. Then they must retrace their steps, or they must take a more audacious step that takes them nearer and nearer to destruction; and crime at last stands before them, and says, "I only can save you;" and with horror and resistance they plead against crime; but at last, the alternative being utter destruction or crime, they take crime, and in taking that they take destruction too; for crime cheats; it lies; it promises in the ear while it stabs with fatal poison stroke.

There is but one thing that is safe. Truth is safe. Honesty before men is safe. Moderation of desire is safe. Trust in God, do nothing that you are ashamed, morning or night, to open up before him in prayer, and then you will be safe; but one single step aside from that is full of peril.

The Duke of Wellington, it is said, replied to every letter, no matter from how humble a source. A clergyman who lived in a distant part of the kingdom once wrote to his Grace, on whom neither he nor his parish had a shadow of claim, to beg for a subscription to rebuild a church. By return of mail came back a letter from the Duke to the effect that he really could not see why in the world he should have been applied to for such an object; but the parson sold the letter as an autograph for five pounds sterling, and put the Duke down for that amount among the subscribers.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 150 Nassau Street, New York City, has established a DEPOSITORY AT 757 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, with Rev Frederick E Shearer as District Secretary for the Pacific Coast. This Depository is the Head-quarters of the Coast for ALL SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE, and has the special agency for the CALIFORNIA BIBLE SOCIETY. THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, HENRY HOYT, ROB'T CARTER & BRO., RANDOLPH & CO., and other leading publishers. SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES will be selected with great care, and sold at New York prices and discounts. BOOKS WILL BE SENT BY MAIL TO MINISTERS at the discount allowed by New York Houses, and postage added,—the price and postage payable in United States Currency. Thus Sunday Schools and Ministers will be supplied at New York rates, and receive any book to be found in San Francisco in the shortest possible time.